Then the curtain drops again; I sink back into a sort of torpor, which I try to coax into becoming sleep. But, alas, I have hardly slept a wink all night. My thought, accelerated by the tram's speed, delights in wandering madly. As if in spite of myself, I compose and memorize sentences that I intend to write down on rising.

Soon the dazzling blue of the south feeds my early-morning exaltation. I recognize the shadow of the plane trees on the light dust of the roads; the brightness; the crisp trot of the mules. . . .

Yes, a *good sport* (the expression is Em/s), this is what, despite all the disappointments, I continue to like so much in Gerard. When by an awkward movement during our bicycle ride I caused Gerard to run into Drouin and made them both fall, Gerard merely burst out laughing, whereas Drouin did nothing but grumble.

Les Sources. — ALais. — Malataverne

This morning a slight headache, which I owe to last night's mosquitoes, does not dull the eagerness of all my senses. I smell every flower, lie down in the shade of each tree, become the guest of every house. Everything smiles upon me and I withhold my smile from no one. What need have I of a companion? Thanks to everything, I am delightfully sufficient unto myself. At the age of twenty I didn't know how to be happy.

Nimes (Les Sources)

I love, in this garden, that dry, resinous smell.

Saturday

I am rereading almost from beginning to end *Le Visage emerveille*[30] with as much rapture as the first day. What makes a masterpiece is an adaptation or a happy matching of subject and author. And I am inclined to doubt that such a fortunate coincidence will ever occur again in the Me of Mme de Noailles. Her very faults, this time,

set off, emphasized her good qualities; yes, I like in this book even "the little golden knife against my heart/* But henceforth the 'Tittle golden knife* will be prejudicial to her.

Mme de R congratulates me on *Iflmmoraliste,* "that book in which there are such beautiful thoughts/* Obviously she thinks they are sprinkled on afterward like nasturtium blossoms on a salad. How uneulti-

[30] *The Awe-Struck Face,* a novel (1904) by the Countess Anna de Noailles,